the table. Potted plants fill the tiny window; alone the electric light with its wiring disturbs the picture.

In the kitchen the covered range has almost completely banished the open fire, but the chimney-place is still often vaulted. It is called the "heaven", although covered with oily, shining soot and black as hell. But this heaven does not "hang full of violins", but full of sides of smoked bacon and sausages. In the dairy the wooden cream dishes have given place to the centrifugal separator and metal utensils. But the butter-tub, in which the butter is made by churning or pounding, still remains.

Except on feast days the peasants' diet is sparingly supplied with meat but rich in fat. *Knödel* (dumplings), small cakes, dough-nuts, stewed fruit and *Schmarrn* (a sort of broken-up pancake), thick soup and potatoes make up the simple, healthy fare. All eat from one dish. Grace is said before and after meals. Occasionally there will be butter and bacon to eat with the black bread which the true peasant bakes himself.

Much more could be told of the peasantry of Tyrol, of cowsheds, haylofts and threshing floors, of the ricks of hay and corn, of forestry and hunting, of mountain pastures, cow pastures and hay-fields, of sheep-pens and shearing, of fences, gates and stiles. How many townfolk know that a proper fence, like a peasant house built in the old manner, needs no nails and no scrap of iron? What do they know of the customs at weddings and baptisms?

For the farmer, his "*loden*" cape of coarse, woollen cloth is sufficient even when the weather is coldest. He must be able to move his arms freely, and at work in the open he does not feel the cold. In the house he goes about in shirt-sleeves. When he is abroad he carries an enormous gamp to protect him from the rain.

The farmer's wife wears long dresses almost suggesting a nun's habit, covered on weekdays by a blue working apron. On Sundays she dons her special finery—

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Food is not, as ascetics proclaim, just a means of prolonging a puritan existence. Far from it. Feeding—the exquisite pleasure of absorbing nourishment—is a very intimate part of the most important and the most pleasurable experiences of life. Manners and costumes associated with eating often give a faithful picture of a whole epoch, reflecting the various stages of its development whithout artificial gloss or sham. The standard of cooking and table manners reveals human—or all too human—characteristics, both of individuals and of races.

In Austria—as you will already have noticed—everything dates a long way back, the most modern things originating at the latest in the days of Maria Theresia. Very much dates back to Leopold, the saintly Babenberg, and even to the Romans. Gastronomy, the art of the epicure, goes back to prehistoric times, for in Vienna the fact has never been overlooked that taste is the first sense to awaken and the last to fade. Literature expresses its universal importance with the words: Eating is life intensified.

181 The words "Wiener Lebensart"—the Viennese manner of living—implies first of all a cultivated appreciation of all the pleasures of life—something which the non-Viennese may dismiss as self-gratification. The Viennese know how to interpret gratification, and find in it nothing derogatory. On the contrary, delight in pleasures of the senses, a desire to enjoy the good things of life contribute towards creative achievement. These things are the inexhaustible source of the Austrian people's artistic gifts, the primary urge to stretch out one's hand towards violin or palette and brush. From them arise the vagaries of fashion, the inspired variations of applied art and that style of living and being which the ancestors called "the life of the Phaeaces".

Would Odysseus ever have returned to his Penelope without the help of Nausikaa, the well-disposed daughter of the Phaeaces of the pleasure-loving island of Scheria? The reproach implied in the word "Phäakentum," only arouses a smile here. People are well contented that pleasure-loving Vienna should be an island in the wearisome and baffling journey of life.

But let us approach the important subject of gastronomy with a respectful obeisance to bygone days:

262 A HERITAGE FROM GODS AND ANCESTORS. One can hardly speak of a culinary art prior to the arrival of the Romans and the Germanic tribes in the country, for the Celts were very primitive eaters. Their food consisted of very little bread but plenty of meat, which was boiled in water or roasted on a spit.

261 574 From the Teutons two principles have been handed down unaltered—that nothing should be begun on an empty stomach, and that the famous Teutonic hospitality was a first duty. As Tacitus says in his "Germania": "No other race is so eager

261 574 to offer unlimited entertainment and hospitality. For these people it is wrong to close one's doors to anyone, no matter whom."

Early Austrian guide books praise Viennese hospitality in the same way. The Viennese, according to many later accounts, were always fond of eating and drinking, especially in public places such as the Prater, Schönbrunn or the Augarten, a fact which earned them among foreigners the reputation of being heavy eaters. It was also their custom always to cook something special for the guest and to feed him lavishly.

261 But to return to the ancients. The Roman way of life had a greater influence on the stomachs of the Viennese than did that of the Teutons. In ancient Rome eating was a science in which delicate tastes were combined with unlimited luxury. Over the city on the Tiber hovered the spirit of culinary art. According to Plutarch, Caesar understood how to plan banquets with as much care and forethought as battles. Horace and Ovid reveal to us great interest in food and drink, refined by poetry. Ovid describes how a young man dipped his fingers in red wine during a feast in order to write a declaration of love on a small table. The feasts of Lucullus are still proverbial today and the gluttonous orgies of the parvenue Trimalchion are known to us through the tales of Petronius. Many a Viennese may have felt a spiritual bond with Cato as he repeated with a sigh his complaint: "How hard a thing it is to try to talk to one's belly, which has no ears to hear."

●262 Cabbage, which they like to serve in Vienna as a garniture to the traditional beef, was known to the gods of the Greeks. It originated from the tears which the Thracian Prince Lycurgus shed when Bacchus bound him to a vine-pole for frivolously destroying grapes. The ancient Egyptians could consume quantities of beer and wine without getting drunk because they ate cooked cabbage before beginning their drinking bouts. Cato recommended the same practice to Roman drinkers.

Lettuce was sacred to Aphrodite because she once hid the new-born Adonis among lettuces. To the Greek gods salads came third among their favourite foods, following nectar and ambrosia. Viennese cannot have forgotten this, for in the preparation of this olympic dish they employ qualities required by other favourites of the gods, the poets—imagination, perseverance, instinct and the gift of composition.

527 262 The egg, which is supposed to have given birth to many divine, heroic and unwordly beings, was associated by the Teutons with hares, brightly coloured eggs being sacrificed at the feast of Ostara, the Goddess of Spring, whose favourite animal was the hare. Until the early Middle Ages it was the custom for godparents to bring painted eggs as present, to the christening. Searching for Easter eggs is still a pleasing custom in all parts of the Austrian provinces, and there is hardly a table at Easter which is not decorated with coloured eggs.

● 262 Among the many berries in Austria the strawberry is highly prized as a table delicacy and is known to the world as "Schöne Wienerin". The Viennese safeguard themselves against the rash which some people get after eating them by adding *Schlagobers*—whipped cream. A special attraction for eye and palate are the little yellow boats made of pastry topped by whipped cream, thickly sown with wild strawberries.

So up, supposed to have been the first food of the giants, has always been a favourite dish in Vienna. Such a variety of soups developed from the original soup which was made from bread, that in the year 1300 monks were forbidden to eat more than one kind of soup on a week-day.

The goose, honoured in Roman legend as the saviour of the Capitol, became St. Martin's bird in the Christian era. Roast "Martin's Goose" on November 11th is a special festive dish today in the Burgenland.

A glance at the history of sweetmeats is specially interesting in reviewing the Vienna cuisine, for what would this be without Vienna pastries! According to Pliny the Romans first obtained sugar cane from Arabia. Before that, honey was used for sweetening. The Crusaders rediscovered sugar-cane near Tripoli and brought it to Europe, but cane sugar had a long and expensive journey to make, and was therefore very costly and beyond the reach of most people in the 14th century, twenty pounds costing as much as a Ford car nowadays. Consequently, sugar in the Middle Ages was used almost exclusively in chemists' shops for medicinal purposes. Confectioners did not yet exist. It was the Emperor Maximilian I who brought the first sugar-blower to his Court in 1514.

Salt on the other hand, symbol of hospitality, was found in profusion in Austria.

000 COOKING IN THE MIDDLE AGES. The great gap which we find between the complicated cooking recipes of Apicius, the Roman epicure in the third century, and the first records of the 13th century can only be bridged by isolated references and incomplete accounts. In general, the culinary art deteriorated seriously during the Middle Ages. Stale bread, smoked fish and beef formed the staple food of the knights. The great thing was that enormous quantities should be served. It must have been exhausting work walking about encased in iron on badly paved streets, swinging the two-handed sword of battle and heroically dealing with one horrible adventure after another. The ostentation at wedding feasts contrasted strongly with the simple meals of everyday life. A detailed description of the former is given by the historian Ottocar v. Horneck in his account of the marriage of King Belas of Hungary to the niece of Ottokar of Bohemia in the year 1264. He says: "There was indeed more than enough. The Danube was scarcely able to bear the ships heavily laden with food, and many a container burst under the pressure of its contents." Elsewhere he speaks of bread to the baking of which went a thousand bushels of wheat, and of wine enough for the inhabitants of two countries.

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side by side with clerks. The Viennese goes on his way untroubled and finds his own pleasures. If he feels hot he takes his coat off, if he has an itch in his legs he dances, if he likes the look of a girl, he courts her; if he feels he wants to drink, he drinks. He is always human, always without embarrassment, a quality which he has saved from the wealth of imperial days and preserved for these days of impoverishment."

VIENNA SPECIALITIES: Many foreigners have believed that Austrian cooking is the best, the most nourishing and the most piquant. The English are content with roast beef, the French with roast mutton, ragout or a few pies, the Italians with stracchino and spaghetti. Russia has her nourishing herb soups with meat balls, the Hungarian his paprikagulyas, the Dane his buckwheat and cream. But the Viennese is interested in the multiplicity of the dishes. On great occasions he expects to see every bird from blackcock to pigeon, and every fish from trout to tunny on the festive board. In Viennese cooking the condiments are not emphasized and meat is served more à la nature. The Englishman is fond of Worcester Sauce, the Hungarian of red paprika, the Frenchman favours various spices and mayonnaises, but the Viennese prefers the natural taste of the meat. The Viennese cuisine also knows how to combine the favourite dishes of all these nations in its menu, for Vienna has learnt the art of international cooking.

Among the bakers' specialities the first to be mentioned must be the Vienna roll. These have a history, for the Emperor Friedrich IV had the first rolls of the type called "Semmel" baked in 1487 with his portrait stamped on them, and gave one to each of the children who were called together in the city moat. Since then, the rolls have born the name of "Kaisersemmeln". Two hundred years later the "Kipfel" was baked in the crescent form of the Turkish sabres, being at first called "Mond" and later "Gipfel" (peak) after the spire of the Stephansturm which in those days carried a crescent at the top; the soft letter "G" was later changed to the crisp-sounding letter "K". The Vienna Bretzel also made its appearance about this time and was gradually followed by the salt "Stangerl", the "Girafferl", the "Schnecken" and the brioches.

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Another Vienna speciality is the Vienna "Faschingskrapfen" (a glorified doughnut). This was invented in the year 1615 by a luxurious confectioner named Cäcilie near the Peilertor, where the Naglergasse now runs. In those days it was called "cillikugel" in her honour. Not until thirty years later was it improved through

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APRÈS SOUPER: The Austrian has thought out variations and combinations of food and drink and developed his own customs and habits. The first principle of the Vienna cuisine is that only the best ingredients should be used, and never substitutes. Although the rural inhabitants of the Provinces may conservatively adhere to the saying "What the peasant does not know he does not eat", the Viennese always was and still is willing to accept all good things which come from any part of the world, altering and adapting some of them to his own tastes. This chimes with their motto "Live and let live". 262

Even during the hard times of the war, the Viennese woman spent a commendable amount of trouble on the kitchen. Love of cooking and good taste enabled her continually to ring the changes at table, even when raw materials were most sadly lacking. Even though it seemed as though the days of éclairs with whipped cream, the cream fingers, the "baisers" and the cream horns had never been, there was still some kind of sweet on Sundays.

The Viennese housewife decks her board with artistry and good taste. It speaks of light-hearted friendliness and smiling festivity. The menu is free from the sort of vulgarity which rattles the money bags even at mealtimes. New ideas come

262 to enliven the meal, and consideration for each individual guest creates the right atmosphere. Sensitive tact is the maitre d'hotel, and tact is a quality which the Viennese woman enjoys instinctively from birth. A guest in a Viennese house feels himself surrounded by comfort and well-being and there is nothing to make him consider how much trouble work and thought have been employed to produce this apparently effortless result.

The Viennese woman of yesterday, of today and of tomorrow provides the right framework for the popular saying: "Food keeps body and soul together."

000 Dear friends, before you travel to Italy to see Naples and die, come first to Vienna to enjoy life happily and comfortably a little longer.